VOL. XXXIII.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, SATURDAY MORNING. JUNE 23 1866.

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Of all descriptions, for men and boys wear, selling at prices to suit the times.

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Extra Super Black Gro, Grains, all widths, Lyons, Cords and Amaurem Plain and Trippic Chain Taileta. "Superior and Medium Gro, de Rhinea.
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Lancaster and Honey Comb quilts.

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april?

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Liquors of all Kinds.

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1866.

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ones ... (Or Double Spring) HOOP SKIRTS

Will not Ben's of Berarlike the Sisgle Springs, but will always Parsenve their Pengert and Beaugipt. Share.
Their Wordenve Flexibility adds to the Compart and Pleasure of the Weaust, as will be Particularly Exprisences by Ladies attending CROWNED RECEPTIONS, GALLS, OFFRAS, &c., and they remaily a sept thomselves to ARM CHAIRS



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most perfect and beautiful Trail, suggested by the

NEW DUPLEX STEEL,

Which is ROLLED THICKER, giving GREATER

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It Restores Gray Hair; It Prevents Mair Falling Out; It Changes the Roots to their Original Organic Action ; It Eradicates Dandruff and Hu-

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Ohio Statesman.

THE OLD LETTER.

I burned the letters one by one, But my courage fuiled at last,
And I suched this, sericied and yellow,
Where the fire's breath had passed.
Louid not let it lie here.
For it turned like a thing in pain:
And Llove it, I love it for the old time's sake
That he er comes back again.

And it's still a sort of pleasure,
Very mearnful though it be,
To know he case could think such thoughts
And write such words of me.
There was none more great or wise than he In all the world so wide: I gave him all my faithful love; I had nothing also beside.

For it links me with the past, Although it breathes so fervently A love that did not last. I'll lay it next my weary heart,
And when my life has fied.
He may come hack and find it there,
And wear that I am dead.

ItFrom ' The People."1 TOO LATE; OR, NOTES AND GOLD.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY, BY KENWARD PHILP.

"You'll be back by Friday, Charley?" The words were spoken by Harry Eger-on, on whose arm was leaning his sister Blanche, to his friend Charles Markham, as he latter was stepping into the train for

"Yes; sure to be back by Friday, old fel-low," answered his friend, "Good-bye; good-bye, Blanche." And away went the rain out of the depot.

Mr. Charles Markham, the only son of one of the wealthiest merchants in New York, was going to Albany on business. Of late years he had had much to do with the outside business of the great firm of which he was junior partner, and people said that his talent for business was widely exthe ding the commerce relations of one of the most wealthy and substantial houses in the city. But with all this the real posi-tion of the house, in a financial sense, was his father's business alone, and although Charles was junior partner he did not pos-sess sufficiently the confidence of his father to become infinately acquainted with the private matters of the firm. This was so well known in the commercial world that it was a common remork that old Mr. Mark-ham was too fond of the busy life in which ne had made his fortune to relinquish even part of it before he was obliged to do so. As for his son, he was content to keep his abordinate position, well satisfied with the golden future which appeared to be in store for him, and not caring to enter too deeply into the vortex of business before his time. A frank, light hearted young man, fond of society, good company, and the enjoyments of life, without relapsing into the other extreme of a scapegrace or spendthrift. He was engaged to Blanche Egerton, the sister of his friend, and the daughter of his father's oldest and most trusted acquaintance. She was a beautiful girl, well qualified by education and accomplishment to take her position as the wife of a millionaire. Her of pleasure. She had bad hosts of out none whom she could love as she loved Charles Markham. The thought of bis. wealth never entered her simple little head -her father was rich-but she loved him for his good nature, his handsomeness, his frankness, and because she knew he loved her. Even now, as she stepped into the carriage with her brother, to return home, she felt almost lonely because her lover would be absent a week; but then she looked forward to the Friday on which he was to return with renewed pleasure. Girl-like, she had asked him to write to her while he was away, even for these few days, but he had answered, "Why, my little wo-

out writing." And so she was obliged to content herself with the pleasure of looking brward to his return. Had she but known of the things that were to happen, of the dark future so near at hand, how impassioned would have been her leave-taking at the dep it; with what auguish she would have implored him not

mau, you can spare me for one week with-

to leave ber. But neither Charles Markham nor his betrothed dreamed of anything in the imme-diate future but the ordinary routine of their daily life, and so they both looked forward pleasantly to the day of their re-union. As for Harry Egerton, he did not trouble himself at all about the matter, but leaned lazily back in the luxurious carriage, felly glancing at the brilliant stores by which they were rapidly whirled, until they reached home, when, having handed his sister out of the carriage, he bade the

coachman drive to the stable, and entered his father's house.

Mr. Egerton, senior, a widower, had made a large fortune by judicious speculations in gold during the troublous times which ensued on the breaking out of the war, and was generally regarded as a par-ticularly solid man. He had very little of ratherment himself, although, like most men in his position, he had an exaggerated idea of the importance of a good education, and he had therefore given both his son and daughter the best education he could. He prided himself upon his commercial posi-tion and knowledge of the world, and in consenting to the betrothal of his daughter to young Markham he was actuated only by the thought that the marriage would increase his own importance. He loved his daughter because he admired her, and he felt, by some curious process of reason-

ing, that her beauty and accomplishments reflected great credit upon himself.

When Blanche Egerton returned home on this particular evening, she was sur-prised and annoyed to hear that her father was to have a dinner party that evening She felt more in the mood to think of her lover than to listen to dreadfully tedious remarks on the value of railroad shares or coupons. But, resigning herself to the will of her father with as much grace as possi-ble, she dressed for dinacr, and arrived in the dining-room just in time to receive her father's guests. As she had predicted, the conversation at table was principally upon commercial topics, and Blanche lauguidly sipped her soup without appearing to no-tice or take any interest in what was going on around her, until the words "old Mark-ham" aroused her attention. It was Mr. Blackwell, a banker, who was speaking to her father.

"What! haven't you heard the rumors, No. Mr. Egerton had not heard any rumors. He had had business at a directors' meeting that afternoon, and had left Wall

street early. "Well, that's singular," rejoined Blackwell. "Rusher-you know Rusher-hears everything; capital man of business. Rusher was saying that there were some ugly numors affort about the position of the firm," Blanche became more interested now; she became a little paler, too, and the sec-ond course was removed untouched by

Mr. Egerton could scarcely think it; he had known the Markhams so long that he should be sorry to hear anything of the kind. But happening to glance at hi

ill, and managed to change the subject.— ed stores are drawn up equipages of the The rest of that day passed like a dream to newest and most costly device, the silken-Blanche; she felt the sinister forebodings conted horses chang with heat and impa-of what was to happen; she knew the om-inous meaning of city rumors. On the following the modes which obsequious attendlowing morning she rose late, and was sur- ants of the stores display before them. prised to find that her father had left the Lower down in the great city, where fash-house. This surprise, however, gave way fon never goes, the working population when she happened to glance at the morn-pursues his secustomed occupations. house. This surprise, however, gave way when she happened to glance at the morning paper, which lay open on the breakfast table. Right there, in the front of the pa-

were found which entirely exculpated his son from any share in the catastrophe, and proved that when he went to Albany he did so without the slightest knowledge of the true position of the firm. He had gone at the instance of his father, who, in his letters, confessed himself unable to disclose to his only boy the real state of affairs, and therefore wanted to get him out of the way. When Mr. Egerton heard this, he ex-pressed himself coldly. At any rate, he said to his son, as they sat at the dinner-table together, young Markham is now a beggar. Besides, what had become of him? Why did he not show himself? His keeping out of the way did not look very well,

Mr. Egerton thought.

Slowly Blanche Egerton grew better from the crushing blow which had come upon her the day after her lover's departare. Her organization was delicate, the loctors said, and she required very careful treatment. In a short time she was able to e about the house; but she seemed no longer the same light-hearted, happy girl. The pleasant musical laugh, which used to had changed to an ominous cough. went from room to room, apparently without an object. Indeed, poor Blanche was crushed to the earth by the weight of this cruel blow. Her greatest happiness, the

purposeless life. It would have been better had she continued to believe that the world thought a broken heart.

Charles Markham a scoundrel: but her As Charles Markham entered the room Charles Markham a scoundrel; but her brother, glad to give her some little comne could be-what he was doing-whether lid her life pass for weary months-her

One afternoon, shortly before the dinner nour, Blanche was sitting alone in the dinng room-they were to dine alone that day -looking pensively into the garden through the window. Her father had just arrived, and was engaged in his dressing room, when the door bell rang. Time was when she would have started up, flushed with pleasant eagerness, at that sound; but now it had no interest for her. She did not look up, therefore, until the door of the dining room opened, and then it was that she saw [Therless Markham who, relying on his Charles Markham, who, relying on his former intimacy, had persuaded the ser-vant to conduct him to the room where Blanche was, unannounced. His face was very pale and thin; he look-

ed haggard and weary. All this Blanche saw at a glance; but it was Charles—her Charles—and, with a joyful exclamation, she sank sobbling into her lover's arms. "My own dear Blanche," he said, caressing her beautiful glossy hair-imy dearest

It was as well that he said thus little, for ust at that moment Mr. Egerton's heavy cootsteps were heard on the stairs, and in moment more he stood, pale and aghast. at the door. Blanche clung closer to her lover as she

neard her father, but spoke not. She only sobbed the more heavily. "Release my daughter instantly, sir!" were Mr. Egerton's words when he had ecovered the use of his speech, temporarily aken away by the suddenness of young

Markham's appearance.

"Mr. Egerton," replied the young man,
"I exercise no restraint upon your daughter.
A few months ago she was betrothed to me
by your consent. To-day she, of her own
free will, renews to me by this act, the
promise of her love."

Mr. Egerton was paralyzed with indig-nation and astonishment. He did not command his daughter to leave young Markham; he turned all his wrath upon e young man.
"Do you dare to aspire to my daughter's hand, after what has passed, sir?" he

"I do," calmly answered Markham; "but I do not upon the same terms as before. My position is changed, it is true; but the time may come when I can earn one for myself. Until then I am content to wait, and I believe Blanche is too." A fresh embrace, a deeper sob, were her only response.

"Never !" cried the old man, passionately, and with an oath. "Leave my house, instantly, or _____" He did not finish the sentence, for Charles interrupted him. "I will leave your house, sir," he said;

"I have not misjudged your character,"— looking sternly at the hard features of the old man—"noryours, dear Blanche, "gently raising her head and leading her to the sofn. "I go now, but doubt not that I shall return." He gently raised her hand to his lips,

and as gently returned it. She appeared perfectly passive, but her sobs were louder and more continuous. It seemed as though her heart must break. And Mr. Egerton dined alone that day.

ed with the beauty and fishion of the me-tropolis. Ladies vie with each other in the splendor and costliness of their dresses,

per, in siekening prominence, were the words: "Failure of a Millionaire! Enormous Liabilities! Flight of the Markhams —Father and Son!"

of wood. Boards, ladders, and flour barrels, strew the sidewalk; while at the water side the click of a thousand hammers, and the cheery "ho-yo" of the sailor, float dreamily upon the heavy air.

Father and Son!?

Poor Blanche could read no more: her head grew dizzy; the paper slipped from her fingers; she was only conscious of the voices of the servants in the room, and was carried to her own room in a swoon. For weeks her father sat moodily at his own table, speaking only occasionally to his son. He was annoyed to find that the unhappy celairofssement had produced such an effect upon his daughfer; he was indignant that she loved Charles Markham now—noo, that he was a beggar, and even a felon in the eyes of the world. The proud, rich man looked upon his daughter's abnegation of her love as a necessary consequence of the failure, and he felt that to persist in loving a poor man was setting at nanght his hand, and his heart beating high with the hand. persist in loving a poor man was setting at beating high with hope, once again rings naught his parental authority. Harry at Mr. Egerton's door. He is ready to stamp Egerton said little about the great financial with impatience because they do not open crash, except that he could not believe his friend was as bad as he was painted.

And Harry was right. In the course of a few weeks letters of old Mr. Markham's were found which entirely exculpated his servant, whose face is new to Markham—

and then, in a whisper, "Miss Blanche is

very ill."
Alas! for the bright hopes which you have treasured so fouldly these three, long weary years, Charles Markham! The per-severance you have practiced; the bright dreams you have indulged in; the hard work you have undergone to raise yourself to a position meet to claim Blanche Egeron-alas! for them all; for she you love so well and truly is sick, nigh unto death. No worder you stagger in the hall, and clap your hand to your heated forehead in sudden agony, for the golden anticipations you have indulged in are to come to In a room up stairs, from which the

bright sinlight was excluded, lay Blanche Egerton. Her beautiful face, pale as marble, was wearly reposing on the pillow, over which her long brown hair strayed unkempt and uncared for. Her eyes were closed; she appeared to be dreaming, for occasionally a smile, beautiful in its flick-The pleasant musical laugh, which used to ering brightness, passed over her wan fea-thrill through the house at a passing jest. tures. One little hand, soft and white-had changed to an ominous cough. She whiter than snow but for the blue veins which could be seen meandering unde transparent skin-lay upon the coverlet; the other was placed under her head. Around the bed were her father, whose face was ove of Charles-that happiness by the side | buried in his hands, and whose whole fram of which all other appeared trifling and in-significant—had been suddenly taken from medical gentlemen, who glanced sadly at er, and she now seemed to herself to live their beautiful patient. They said it was onsumption of which she was dying, bat in reality it was that much-ignored disease,

the perfume of the roses he had brought, fort, told her how his character had been cleared. This, poor girl, added the most poignant regret to her already crushing anxiety. She sat for hours together, thinking of her lover-trying to imagine where | young team advanced to the hed-side, but was to overcome by the barful change in he still loved her. At such times she would, his betrothed, that he sbrank back, and burst into bitter tears, and lay her beautiful head down in an agony of grief. Thus the bedside he knelt, and took the little hand in his own. The movement-a wakened bright color was almost gone—and still her the delicate sleeper, who raised her eyes to father spoke of Charles Markham as a begsweetly that he was sure she secognized

"Dearest Blanche," said Charles, in a choking voice, while the big tears rolled from his face-"my own durling Blanche, I have come back, rich and prosperous, to make you my own wife. See, darling, I have brought you some flowers. You used to be so fond of them."

Again she opened her eyes and a smile hovered for a moment about her parted

"Dearest," cried her lover, passionately, "you must not die! You will get better, darling, and come with me into the beautiful country; you shall gain health and strength among the green fields and trees. My own darling Blanche, will you come The impassioned words of the young man aroused the dying girl so far that see pressed the hand be beld her's in, and faint-

ly whispered. "Coming, coming—" but a moment after she turned wearfly to the wall, and her head dropped again on the "Blanche," cried her distracted father, "it is Mr. Markham! He has come home to make you his wi'e! You will go with him. On, yes, go with him! You have my consent, dear; you have my consent!"

Too late! old man; too late! God forgive you, for the spirit of your daughter has flown. Not all the gold of Wall street, not all the stock and scrip of Broad street, not all the bulls and bears of New street can buy back the soul that has fled.

Studying Politics Under Difficulties,

Too late! old man. Too late!

An old farmer in the interior of Ohio writes to the Cincinnati Commercial (Conserv. Rep.) among other readable matters, the following, which is too good to be lost, and too true to be forgotten:

One day, some time ago, John had been to the station for me and brought home a paper that was filled with a great many speeches, that had been made about a bill that our President had seen fit to disapprove of. Well, I took the paper to my corner, and although it was all in very small print and tried my eyes very much. I read it every bit. My good wife got tired of long "borations," as she termed them, and said I would do well to be reading my Bible more and such productions less. "Wife," said I and such productions less. "Wife," safet I "the kingdom of heaven isn't in any particular danger just now, but my country is." After that she said nothing more about

But the more I read in that paper the more bothered I became. I read a long speech by Mr. Henry Beecher, who seems to know so much about everything but divinity, and I liked it because he supported our President, and our President, I thought must be in a very trying position now-a-days.

now-a-days.

Then I was upset by Mr. Phillips, who went hito Mr. B. like I have seen little boys attack hornots' nests, in the winter time.—

"If such men differ," asid I, "who will decide?" I had always before thought these two would agree though the earth split.

Then I turned over the leaf wrong and It is noon—high noon—in the city of cise's speech. I liked it so much that I read New York, and beautiful summer time, on and on until I finished it., "Surely," The sun shines fiercely upon the mighty city. Excited spectators rush towned fro in Wall street—that mysterious arema into of the speech reminded me of the good old-which none but the initiated may penetrate—bent upon the accomplishment of their varied schemes. Broadway is crowd-

Then I hunted, up the beginning of the speech, and could not believe my eyes when I saw Alex. H. Stephens' name to it. I thought it must be Thaddens Stevens, as he and everywhere the appearance of the thought it must be Thadeus Stevens, as he stores denotes a prodigality of wealth and was "Linion," though the composition was

very much unlike the style of the gentle white said it whook here; my glasses are a little dim; is that Alex. H.?"

Alex. H., "Said she,"

Not Thatdens," said she,"

Not Thatdens," said she, "

NUMBER 306.

"Is the last name spelt with a 'v' or with a 'ph?"
-Ph," said she, "and what, you reading rebel speeches for, Td like to know. He's the Vice President of the Confederacy, and ought to be harging to a soir apple tree, instead of being loose and making bora-

tions

and titles, but is a thorough going Union woman, and fintes rebels with a perfect hatred. She was chairman of an aid society during, the war, and many a time I've waked ap in the night and found, Werestill, sitting by the dying fire, knitting socks for suffing by the dying fire, knitting socks for the poor soldiers who were "a lying out on the cold groud with nothing but their knapscatts and pontoons to cover them." Then I found that the speech was addressed to the Georgia Legislature, and I knew that "Thad." would never take the trouble to tell erring people how to go right, though he is great or abusing them. though he is great on abusing them when

W. Margan, Hon. H. Roorw, og. west "Beware of the Vidders." At the time of the surrender of General . phinston's army there were seventeen inconsolable widows in the immediate vicini-ty of Clayton, fifteen miles east of Raleigh, in the county of Johnson. A recent census shows that sixteen of the mouraful have put off their waeds, donned bridal robes, and are safely moored to the anchors of their souls. The lone one is only waiting for the dawn of the first of June to ditto herself.—Rateigh Progress.

Licking County Sheep-Heavy Fleeces

The Newark Advocate says that at the recent sheep exhibition in Licking county, the three year old Spanish ram "Jersey," owned by Eben Condit, of Jersey township, sheared a fleece of 26% pounds, of 1 year's growth, while one owned by S. Hoskinson, of Linnville, sheared 22% pounds, and another owned by S. N. Wright, of Johnstown, sheared 19% pounds. A two year old Spanish ram, owned by B. M. Moore, of Newark, sheared 21% pounds, 1 year's growth, and a yearling, owned by J. Keller, sheared 13% pounds.

Endies' Dresses.

A lady recently appeared in the streets of New York in a dress half male and half. female, and a policeman arrested her. She claimed the right to dress as she pleased, and the court sustained her right, and the diceman was afterwards reprimanded. Her dress consisted of a kind of gored sack, fitting tight at the waist, and reaching a few inches below the knee. Below this was a garment resembling a man's panta-loons, with the ends gathered nearly about the ankles. It seems that a woman may wear whatever dress she pleases, so that it is not used for improper purposes and does not cause a popular disturbance.

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